

THEREBY HANGS
A TALE

By Gershom Bradford

All kinds of horses have trotted through Tremont St. in the long years past, but none served more distinguished people than Trenton.

It appears that in September, 100 years ago, Daniel Webster considered he was paying a particular honor to a guest when he arranged to have him driven from Marshfield to the Kingston station behind this big black horse.

Trenton's sentimental story is meshed into a famous lawsuit involving the beginnings of a great industry. Early in the summer of 1852 a gentleman called at the State Department in Washington on private business; the Secretary, Mr. Webster, received him. He had been sent by Charles Goodyear, whose patent for the manufacture of rubber was being infringed upon by a Mr. Day. Mr. Webster was asked to become Mr. Goodyear's counsel. He declined for 2 reasons: In the first place he was concerned with the question he the propriety in taking the case while holding office; and second his health was so impaired that he could not undertake the task with confidence. Furthermore, there were other lawyers available.

The gentleman suggested to Mr. Webster that as Mr. Day had retained Rufus Choate, none but he could assure a fair chance of success. He added that Mr. Goodyear had said that he would reproach Mr. Webster should the case be lost. Furthermore, he was

authorized to say that a fee of \$10,000 would be paid, with an additional \$5,000 if successful.

Mr. Webster replied that several such fees would pay his debts and that it would be highly unjust to his creditors if he failed to make the effort. The case was fought out in the U.S. Court at Trenton, N.J., where the 2 fast friends, Webster and Choate, the leaders of the American Bar, matched their great talents.

During the legal battle, Mr. Goodyear provided a carriage and coachman in constant attendance, to ease Mr. Webster of all possible exertion, conveying him several times a day between his hotel and the courthouse. Each time he would stop, pat or speak to the horse. Mr. Goodyear, noting this, remarked, "You seem to admire my horse."

"He is a noble animal," was the reply.

The suit was won, the patent saved. Mr. Choate, greatly disappointed at the loss of such a case, remarked that he was in part compensated by seeing his old friend, despite failing health, and in his last appearance in a courtroom, make one of the closest arguments of his distinguished career.

Mr. Webster moved towards Marshfield by easy stages arriving eventually at Green Harbor and there, surprisingly, was the "noble" horse. He looked at him with a touch of emotion and with the simple remark, "His name shall be Trenton."